

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

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April Fool Issue



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Foreword

Jaques—I must have liberty

*Withal, as large a charter as the wind
to blow on whom I please; for so fools rave,
and THEY THAT ARE most galled with my folly,
they most must laugh. And why, sir,
must they so?*

*The why is plain as way to parish church,
He, that a fool doth wisely hit,
doth very foolishly, although he smart
not to seem senseless of the bob; if not
the wise man's folly anatomized
even by the squandring glances of the fool.*

—Shakespeare—As You Like It—Act ii, Sc. 7. 1.47.

Announcing

The April Fool Winner of
The Limerick Contest

MISS DOROTHY McKAY
(A Freshman)

The Prize to be—
Five Dollars in Gold

Much credit is due the Associate
Editors for arranging and
putting on this contest

Prize Limericks

First

*There once was a teacher quite gay
(If he had any hair 'twould be gray)
He vamped EVERY girl,
Set their heads in a whirl,
That's why he's a bachelor to-day.*

—Dorothy McKay.

Second

*There was a young man named Mac Giver,
He bought him a new little fiver;
The newly-dug pit
Wasn't seen till 'twas hit—
They brought Giver home under kiver.*

—Elizabeth Winn.

Third

*A ring he gave, and with passion burned,
A word he spoke, and the lady turned.
The door was shut,
His speech was cut.*

'Twas the bill collector the lady spurned.

—Virginia Creel.

All Fools' Day

By REBECCA RAY.

THE first of April, of all days in the year, enjoys a character of its own, in as far as it, and it alone, is concentrated to practical joking. It is the only day in the whole year in which the fool may succeed with any and all of his folly, and that is more than a wise man can do, for he has not even so much as one day set apart.

All Fools' Day, is, as every one knows, the time when pupils play tricks on their teachers, when misleading stories are told, and cotton frosting is used for meringue on the supposed lemon pie. It is a day when something may be started, so to speak, by "would be" lovers sending fake messages which sometimes end in either a courtship or a heartbreak. It was also on this eventful day that the Duke of Lorraine and his wife, being in captivity at Nantes, effected their escape in consequence of an attempt

made at their discovery being thwarted by the cry of "April fool" by the guards.

The literature of the last century, from the Spectator downwards, has many allusions to April fooling, but no references to it in our earlier literature have as yet been pointed out. English antiquaries appear unable to trace the origin of the custom or to say how long it has existed among peoples. The most plausible idea seems to be in the fact that the Hindus have in their Huli, which terminates with the thirty-first of March, a precisely similar festival, during which the great aim is to send persons away with messages to ideal individuals, or those sure to be away from home and enjoy a laugh at their disappointment. To find the practice so widely prevalent over the earth, and with so near a coincidence of day, seems to indicate its very early origin among mankind.

Fools and Foolers

By HELOISA MARINHO.

DO you mind the weather? You may think you don't but you do. If you think the weather is a mere *piece de resistance* in a tiresome conversation, you are very much mistaken. The weather can make you smile when it smiles, weep when it weeps, and—yes, it can even make you tell a lie.

You don't believe me do you? But it is true nevertheless. What do you do when you get fooled? You try to fool someone else, you say. Well, that's all I need to prove my proposition.

On a certain month of the year, on a certain beautiful day, when the sky is blue and the sun is shining, you go out in your new spring coat and new spring hat. Suddenly, when you least expect it "showers pour down from above." Alas, for your new spring coat, and your new spring hat, their newness is gone forever, washed away in the rain.

Now what influence has this event on your character? Well, April fools you, and you? Why you fool others as soon as you get a chance.

Lady April

*Charming Lady April—
Queen of dainty maids,
To the earth light tripping.
Ere King Winter fades.*

*From the realms of Springtime
One of nature's best,
Full of tricks and fancies
Gay in colors dressed.*

*Like a carefree infant,
Playing on the shore,
Smiles and tears and smiles again,
Tears and smiles some more.*

*With your Easter bonnet,
Symbol of the airy,
Perched upon a graceful head,
Welcome, winsome fairy!*
—FRANCES HORNER.



The fool of fate,—thy manufacture, man. Homer, Odyssey, Bk. XXI. 254.

Once in April

By MARY K. READ.

GREY rain, gentle as the tender fingers of a loving woman,—only grey April rain, blotting out river and terrace and turret, but not quite hushing the awful sobs that racked Iaccimo,—Iaccimo, prone in the wet grass, his belled and capped head shielded with one bony arm,—Iaccimo, this morning the gay, the favorite, the jester of His Majesty's royal court; now, Iaccimo, the outcast, the whipped, lying here face-down in his sodden motley, his free hand beating the turf with his bedraggled bauble, and his broad, stooped shoulders twisting with the agony of his heartbreak.

Fool! he had dared overstep even the broad bounds allowed a court fool, and had loosed in one cutting insult all his loathing and jealousy for Don Venilido, when the latter had preened himself and ogled at the entrance of the Princess Marguerita to the court gardens. The fact that he had been promptly dragged from the place and banished from the light of King Adolfo's countenance was not what wrung the terrible sobs from the heart of Iaccimo, now. He was a good fool, and would be an all too welcome addition to any one of the rival neighboring courts. To-morrow he would caper up to the gates of Don Leriglio and pass through with a quip and a quirk, to hide his hurt under a grotesquely comical garb and manner, that would make the old lord chuckle and the courtiers roar.

But to-night—to-night he was not Iaccimo the jester; he was Iaccimo the

man, tearing out his very heart while the softly-falling rain made a grey curtain to shut him away from the world, alone with his grief. For Iaccimo loved the Princessa, who was fair as the loveliest damsel of the romances,—and she was the youngest daughter of Adolfo, and he—the king's quondam court fool, to-night an outcast, with only the dewy grass by the river road for his couch. He had never hoped to reveal his passion; to see her at her father's court,—to kiss the rose she had touched on a garden stroll—to sit at her little white and gold-shod feet while the Lady Guelda read aloud,—all this had been his very life in the grim old castle. If he never dreamed that other eyes rested tenderly on his own cōxcombed head, nor that the little sighs that paused the story now and again came from any other cause than fatigued breath, who shall wonder?

At any rate, here was end to all that. The rain still fell, and still in the drenched grass the fool sobbed on—more brokenly now, the sounds drifting away in sighs that shivered his whole lank frame. Dimly he felt the chill of the young spring night; vaguely he knew that he could not lie there always; he must—

But what he must do was not decided just then, for a soft thudding swish whispered through the grey curtain of the misty night. Nearer, farther, this way, yonder slipped the footsteps, as if searching for something their owner scarce dared find.

Iaccimo flattened himself closer to the earth, wishing fervently he had gone away before. The wavering steps paused, as if listening, and a guarded, woman's voice spoke, low, and startlingly near, "Iaccimo?"

The fool's heart leaped, and stopped for one thrilling instant. It could not be—the hour—the place—surely, though—

"Iaccimo?"—nearer than before.

"Fool, be still!" urged all the wisdom he could summon. "Would you break her heart, too?" But his own heart had already raised him and fairly flung him on one knee before the figure dimly outlined in the rain.

"My lady!" he whispered, catching her hand and bending his wet cheek to its white softness.

And she? She only clasped his head, all belled and capped as it was, to her heart, and bent her hood-shadowed face above it. For a moment they stood so; then, from the peak of his ecstasy, the jester dared ask, "You came——?"

"Because I love you," the lady answered softly. "And because," she went on, with a little catch that would not down, "I could not bear that you should go away, not knowing."

Fantasy, surely! But no. He had risen at her words, trying vainly to pierce

the shadow of her hood, and held her now, close and unresisting, in the hollow of his arms. How had she known?—he had thought his secret so safely concealed!—how had she found out he was not gone from the castle yard?—and how on earth had she dared come there, through rain and darkness?

All this he would know, but he realized with a stab of returning agony, that this must be farewell,—farewell without possibility of recall, and at the thought his arms tightened and with an indrawing of his breath that was very like a sob, his lips bent suddenly to hers, telling there in a moment all the sad lay of his tenderness and heartbreak.

As suddenly, then, he dropped to one knee to kiss the palms of her hands; rose; wrapped his cloak about him, and was gone like a phantom through the rain, with only the faint tinkling of

his bells to tell which way he had fled.

A moment longer the lady stood as he had left her, her head high to hold back the tears, her hands limp at her sides. Then with a sob that her upflung hand could not stop, she turned and ran through the grey, back to the darkened castle, pausing only when she had reached her chamber and had thrown herself drenched and trembling across the foot of the high carved bed.

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A Foolish Thought

*Suppose that all the skies were green,
And folks walked on their head,
And clouds instead of fleecy white,
Were turned to scarlet red.*

*Suppose that rivers ran up stream
And horses talked in Greek,
A person of the normal size
Would then be termed a freak.*

*Suppose that our feet were placed
On high, instead of nose.
I really shudder at the thought—
But this is just—suppose.*

—DOROTHY M. MCKAY.

A Wiregrass Mother

By FRANCES PEABODY.

"NO'M, I ain't been able to find hair ner hide er that wool of yourn. To my notion it was in that thar comfort when I taken it home. Maybe Sary knows about it. Sary! Sary!"

"Sary" appeared at the back door at the mention of her name. The bare back yard, a few small scraggly pines, and wire-grass surroundings framed her angled figure admirably. Her washed blue eyes, sallow skin, and dun-colored hair accentuated the lack of intelligent expression on her face. Her faded gingham was breathlessly tight at the waist and hung in scallops over her lank limbs. Her expression was surly as she inquired, "What cha want, ma?"

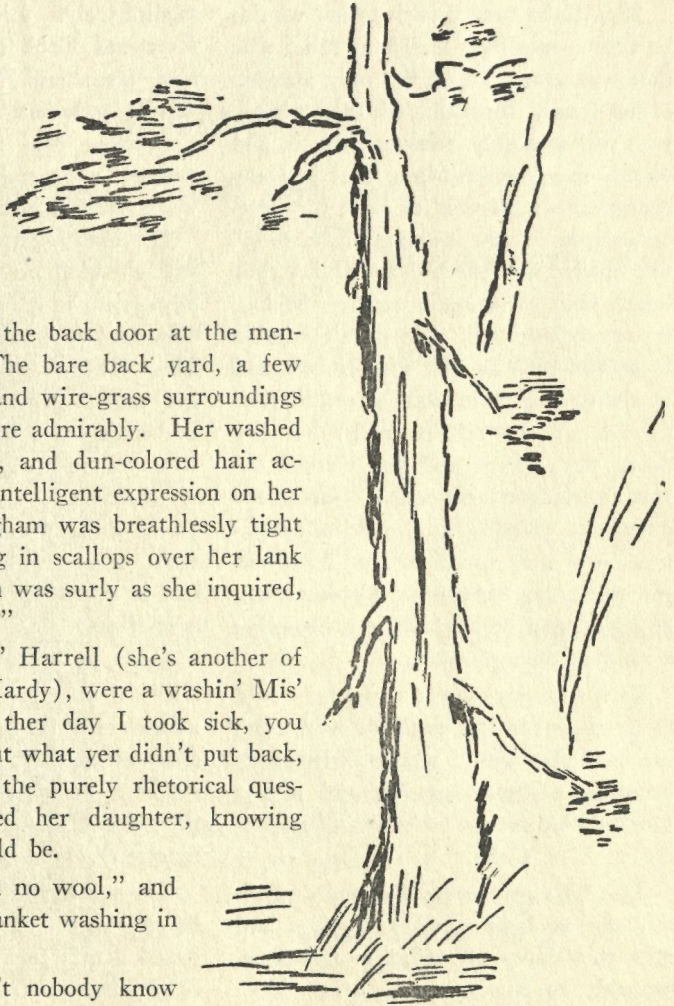
"When you en Mis' Harrell (she's another of mer daughters, Mis' Hardy), were a washin' Mis' Hardy's comfortables ther day I took sick, you didn't take no wool out what yer didn't put back, did jer?" This was the purely rhetorical question Mrs. Cobb asked her daughter, knowing what her answer would be.

"No'm, I ain't seen no wool," and she returned to her blanket washing in the back yard.

"Yer see they don't nobody know nuthin' 'bout it so I guess I can't do nuthin' but work it out fer yer. My ole man's been so porely, he's done quit work out ter ther shops, an' we ain't got no support now. Sary is jes hoping me with these here blankets ter-day. Her man wants her to-home most all the time since he's took down with the

paylsy. But tho I ain't got no money I try to be honest, you know Mis' Hardy, and I could git yer some blackberries fer ter-morrow. Raymond en Sam ayre goin' apickin'," she concluded, triumphantly.

Mrs. Hardy's heart softened at this tale of woe and the old soul showed



that she was distressed about the disappearance of the wool. So she departed after engaging Mrs. Cobb to "work it out" by doing her spring cleaning the next week.

Mrs. Cobb turned back to her would-be farm house with a sigh of relief that that was over. Being the only member of her family, consisting of one husband, who was so porely, twelve children, and twenty-five grandchildren, that had any energy at all, she had to have the "get-up-and-get," as she expressed it, of forty. She bustled into the house with her four width skirt swishing breathless behind, trying to keep up. She didn't mind a little dirt such as that variety collected on the stained table cloth of red-checked damask or the kitchen pans, but her floors were swept and she washed the family clothes assiduously, from the month-old grandson to the eldest daughter. And they would let her do it, oh, yes, while they sat around dipping snuff, gossiping and occasionally reprimanding a rambunctious offspring.

Each successive year a daughter would fly from under the mother's wings and the next year would as regularly return bringing a "no-count husband and a squalling kid for me ter support" according to Mrs. Cobb.

The boys of the family would reach the age of long pants and pipes and take themselves off to parts unknown, probably to live on some other long-suffering mother-in-law.

The only one of the girls who had not returned, but just hovered near to get assistance when it was needed, was "Sary" and she lived just a half-mile down the road.

The third day of spring cleaning Raymond was started on a run for his sister's

house by his mother. As he rounded a curve in the road his pace slackened, perceptibly. He was soon loitering along in the crooked wagon ruts pulling up the tall grasses and chewing them meditatively. Little did it matter to Raymond Cobb that the morning was half gone and Mrs. Hardy's temper wholly gone because her spring cleaning was being held up until he chose to wander over and tell his sister to go work for her in his mother's place.

He finally reached his destination and, still chewing his straw, like pa did his pipe-stem, he announced with a spat of tobacco juice: "Ma sez yer to go ter Mis' Hardy's fer'er ter-day 'cause pa got took with ther chills n' fever n' she can't leave him. She told me ter take yer in ther waggin if ye'ard go n' ax Mis' Hardy fer er dollar ter git pa some Cocy-Cola, 'cep I'm ter say I wants it fer medycine," all of this was said in the same monotonous drawl with a small-boy air of supreme indifference.

She was sitting on the front porch with her youngest, a puny little twelve-months-old, in her lap crooning to it apathetically, when she wasn't sharply scolding the other four, all younger than their youthful uncle (and she was only nineteen).

She put the baby on the floor among its elders and went into the house. She issued orders to her "paylsied" husband as she changed from a dirty calico dress to a well-worn woolen.

"There's some col' corn-bred n' greens yer kin have for yer dinner. I'll give ther baby er pertater when I goes, so as you needn't feed her 'til after you've et. Thet milk she didn' drink las' night is in her bottle on ther back shelf. Ef

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Motley



*Laugh, Fool, laugh!
Let others sigh,—
Your mask you must wear with a grin.
Joke! Chaff,
And play the lie,
Though you die of the grief within!*

*Play, Fool, play!
They must never guess
That the strings of your heart have all
snapped.
Fool, be gay!
Tears confess—
And become not a fool belled and
capped.*

*Dance, Fool, dance!
What matter the pain
If the heart 'neath your motley break?
Caper; Prance,
And forget again
The wound that will not cease its ache.*

—MARY K. READ, '25.

Johnnie Cupid

By SARA JENKINS.

"WILL you hold my baby while I get my ticket?"

The speaker thrust a bundle of blankets into the unwilling arms of Jane Burke, thereby interrupting a more or less heated argument she was having with Rob Westover, and was gone down the aisle between the seats of the station waiting room toward the ticket window. Jane, experienced newspaper woman that she was and used to the unexpected, gazed after her dumbly. Then she turned

her eyes to the baby, which she was holding rather after the manner of a city boy holding the bridle of a strange horse. A baby, a not over-clean baby; Jane shrugged her blue tailored shoulders under the dainty white collar.

The man, who had stood open-mouthed when the argument had left off, staring, broke in, "Good Heavens, Jane, it's a kid!"

"How discerning!" Jane remarked shortly.

"Now I suppose I can have my way and see about that Pullman for you while you pose as a poster entitled 'Mother and Child.'"

Jane made a rather wry face.

"The ticket is in my bag. It seems to me, however, that you wouldn't rub an accident in when you chanced on me in a strange station after two solid years."



Rob laughed, found the ticket in the neat interior of the pocket-book and went, too, in the direction of the ticket windows. Jane shifted the baby uneasily and hoped that it wouldn't wake. Then her thoughts turned to Rob rebelliously. Of course the very time she wanted to show Rob Westover how very capable she could be, an accident would happen. Rob had always told her from the time they had led their class at high school with a tie that a business woman—a real woman—was inefficient. She knew she was business like, but it looked as though Rob would never find it out. Again she shifted the child. Why would women travel with babies and expect strangers to take care of them?

It was ten minutes before Rob returned with the ticket. The child was still sleeping. Rob gave Jane the Pullman ticket and sat down.

"Still have it, I see. Mother must be taking quite a vacation. Is the 'chatter' the reason for your honoring my home town?"

"Yes, I'm reporting the Gasparilla Carnival," Jane replied, thankful for the baby's good behavior. "I hear real estate has quite gone booming, so I guess you are doing beautifully."

"It has been a good year," Rob told her. "We totalled——"

The total was never given, for just

here the infant opened his eyes on a strange world and wailed, long and sadly. Jane's anguish was hardly less than the child's. What would she do? The wail increased in volume.

"Quite a brave racket," Rob screamed above it. "Good lungs, he has."

Jane frowned. The levity was quite uncalled for. She joggled the baby awkwardly. This had no effect. She tried swinging him back and forth in her arms. Still the wails did not cease. Jane remembered jokes about parents walking the floor. Perhaps that would do. She rose and walked to and fro past the stylish bags which were her pride. Still relief was not at hand. Rob rose and offered to do anything that he could.

"If there were anything to be done, I would do it," Jane told him icily.

The Travelers' Aid had been watching them for some time and at last she approached Rob.

"If your wife——"

Rob, hating Jane violently for the publicity she was causing him as well as for her icy manner, denied hotly,

"She's not my wife."

The Travelers' Aid, looking as though she had not heard aright, turned to Jane. "Is your baby sick, ma'am?"

Jane turned on her and screamed above the crying,

"I don't know, and it isn't my baby."

"Not your baby!" the woman repeated stupidly.

"No, it isn't. It's mother left it with me, I don't know how long ago, to buy her ticket and I am sure it's almost time for my train."

The woman was instantly capable.

"The child will have to be turned over to the authorities. I'll go and get a policeman."

Jane watched her out of sight with a sigh of relief. The baby's cries died to faint whimpering.

"Gate cl-os-ing for num-ber e-leven, Tampa and al-l points s-outh!"

Jane's heart was in her mouth. That was her train. She wouldn't be there to wire an account of the opening of the carnival. She turned to Rob.

"That was our train."

Again she turned and saw no sign of the officer.

"Rob, take most of this baggage. I'll take this. We've got to make that train."

And make it they did, just before it pulled out, by running madly through the station and onto the train Jane sat down breathlessly.

"Well, we made it," Rob remarked with the satisfaction of a deed well done. There was no reply and he looked up to see a look of unparalleled horror on Jane's face.

"Jane, what on earth——?"

"This—this child," Jane was near tears. "I could have left him. I was so bent on catching the train it never once occurred to me that I could leave the baby with the policeman."

Rob grinned.

"I guess we'll be up for kidnapping now. Jane, you have the most alluring adventures. Do all——?"

Tears came to Jane's eyes but remained unshed.

"You're unbearable. I wish I hadn't seen you in the station. I——"

She turned her eyes to the flat woods which torn past the window. The child caught at Jane's thumb and held it in a tiny fist, regarding it with wide blue eyes. Jane felt the lump in her throat tighten. The little beggar was sweet.

She turned to Rob.

"I expect you'd better wire the authorities that I'll be at the St. Cloud's. They will want to know. And Rob, the baby will have to have something to eat. You'd better see the conductor about wiring ahead for some doctor to bring it to the first station. I don't want it to be sick on my hands."

Rob was off to do her bidding, feeling a bit sheepish about teasing Jane when there had been so much to worry her.

The little fist slackened its hold. The baby was again asleep. Jane took off her snug felt hat and leaned back against the seat. She was beginning to realize just why a young mother traveling looked as she did. She took the lovely tailored coat, which was her pride, and with the right hand folded it so that the baby would be comfortable on it, then gently, so as not to wake it, put it beside her on the seat.

When Rob returned, package in hand, after they had passed the first station, Jane sat on the outside of the seat to prevent the baby rolling off.

After some time His Highness, the baby, woke.

There was wriggling in the blankets. Rob pounced upon the baby and took it away. It should not wake Jane. He took it to his own section in the back of the car. For some time he let it play with his tie, his watch chain and the lapels of his coat. Then he began to fret. Rob immediately thought of food. He opened the package and read the directions. Hot water, sterilized bottles, any number of things which Rob had never heard of were in those directions. Then he remembered that tourists' trains had maids on them. He would go in search of one. He took the baby under one arm like a sack of salt and went.

The train stopped with a jerk and Jane woke suddenly. There had been something worrying her when she went to sleep. She could not think what it was for a second. Then it all came to her. Where was the baby? She looked about wildly. It had disappeared. She rose and went looking up and down the aisle. No one could tell her where it was until when she returned to her seat an old lady told her that her husband had taken the baby out. Her husband—it was only then that Jane remembered Rob. She sat down in her section and laughed weakly. Rob had taken the baby with him. She laughed at the thought until the tears came to her eyes. She wiped them and looked up to meet Rob coming in, baby tucked under one arm and holding a quickly emptying bottle to its mouth.

"My goodness, Rob," she exclaimed. "That isn't the way to carry a baby. Give it to me. Where did you get the food? Surely you didn't fix it."

"In answer to the command, I'll reply that the little beggar seems to like it well enough and I think I'll keep him for a while. You suggested wiring for the milk and why shouldn't I have fixed it?"

Rob grinned at her from his six feet of height.

"Sit down and don't act so superior," Jane smiled a little in return. Her nap had improved her mood. "It seems to me you were about to tell me about your real estate boom when the infant interrupted. Let's hear it."

Rob launched into it enthusiastically, ending up with a tale about a crabbed old man, worth millions, to whom he'd failed to sell recently.

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EDITORIAL

APRIL FOOL PRANKS.

Why play an April Fool joke?

Because there is an instinct in human nature which makes one laugh at another's misfortune or unhappy state. The comedian falls from the third story window on his head to make his audience laugh. He receives a custard pie, in the face, and the crowd laughs harder; when his head gets stuck in the door convulsions ensue.

But there are many kinds of jokes. A truly practical joker is the curse of any college because his jokes, to be funny, must always embarrass or distress some one. Fly-paper jokes are of this lowest class, excepting the ones which cause actual pain to the sufferer. These descend below the human strata and become animal in their origin.

The best joke and the one excusable on April Fool is one in which the victim can enjoy the laugh after it is all over. Which leads to the subject of the victim.

There is no greater life-preserving power on earth than the power to appreciate a joke, if it is on yourself—there is the supreme test. Laugh and grow fat, say some; laugh and live long, say others; but by all means laugh.

Pitiable is the person who can not appreciate a joke but more pitiable is the one who can not appreciate a joke unless it is on the other fellow.

Learn to take a joke and many of the knocks of life will become something to laugh at. There is enough tragedy in the world, off of the stage, to cause suicide by all of humanity; and what saves us from this end? The ability to laugh at ourselves.

April Fool Pranks are as much a part of the world as St. Patrick's Day and much more ingrained into human nature. Play your pranks, but be sure your victim will laugh with you in the end!

Glimpses of a Southern City

By HELOISA MARINHO.

TWILIGHT, the towers of the city rise from a crowd of lower buildings against the clear evening sky. Towers, how much do they resemble proud overbearing kings surrounded by a host of humble subjects. When the last rays of the sun make the window panes glow and sparkle with their fire, the towers, filled with a mysterious life, seem to be many saints watching over the city. But soon they stand lifeless again as if the cold, cruel glance of a Gorgon had stricken them. The vivid tints of the evening sky slowly fade into a soft, soothing gray. Mists hover over the city, and cover it with a dark shroud.

Night comes, a light pierces the mist and darkness. Another follows and still another. Soon thousands and thousands of lights cast their haloes in the damp air. Gusts of wind dance wildly with phantastic forms of mist, making the lights appear and vanish like elusive will-o'-the-wisp. Finally the moaning, hurrying wind carries away on his wings the dark, misty shapes.

The moon rises casting its soft light on the deserted streets which during the day throbbled with teeming life. Its beams linger on the old southern homes. What memories those tall stately columns evoke! The artists who first conceived their stately form have passed away. Their names are unknown, but their life work lives on in the immortal beauty of these columns. Years and years ago they were raised in this southern city by a people full of the customs and traditions of the chivalrous and romantic world.

Before the houses rise magnolia trees. Among their leathery foliage fragrant blossoms unfold their white petals. They record the olden days of "The Northern France" when "they proudly raised their crests above the trees of the forest." Gone are the romantic days when Chactas wound blossoms into the tresses of his lady-love. A teeming, realistic world has risen in its stead.

The moon light sifts through the trembling foliage of weeping willows and glitters on white marble. On a bronze tablet are the names of those who fought and died for their ideals in a distant land. How long will people stop to read those names? Years will hurry past faster and ever faster covering the white stone with moss, and wiping out slowly the names on the tablet long after they have been wiped out in the memories of the people. Only the willows will tremble over the marble, their boughs sighing in the wind as they bewail the fate of unknown heroes.

The moonlight also falls on the streets and buildings in the business section of the city. But even those magic silvery beams can not make one forget the busy life which throngs those thoroughfares during the day. The image of business men hurrying past with preoccupied looks is forever associated with those tall, square-cut buildings and wide streets. This part of the city is filled with the spirit of the modern world with its great commercial enterprises and scientific inventions. A strange world it is which in its restless endeavor to make

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Exchange Department

By FRANCES CATER.

The Archive, Trinity College.

THE February issue of the Archive is on the whole fairly commendable. The editorial on financing student publications deals with a problem pertinent to most colleges. The editor's suggestion for the creation of a Publications Committee for the purpose of working out a uniform fee which will entitle every student to each publication and yet insure the managers a definite income seems to be the one solution of distributing publications among the widest number of students.

The story entitled "Lethe" is highly imaginative and portrays a rather grotesque image of a horribly distorted brain. The author has the power of holding the reader's attention but the story is overdrawn.

The article comparing and contrasting Shaw's and Schiller's Joan of Arc is excellent and has a convincing and authoritative note in it which shows that the author is dealing with a subject with which he is thoroughly familiar.

The "Legend of Madison" is a short, but colorful description woven around a quaint legend of an old New England town on the Sound. The author has the art of choosing just the right words to give the desired atmosphere for his description and by this he makes the legend real to its readers.



The Emory Phoenix, Emory University.

The January issue of the Emory Phoenix is exceptionally good and especially the editorial on Robert E. Lee. It is a tribute to the beloved Southern general who, "unsurpassed as a soldier, was no less conspicuous as a complete and perfect

gentleman with a simplicity, generosity, modesty, a profound consideration for the feelings of others and a gentleness towards all men that added even more to his sublime soul."

The Book Shelf is one of the most interesting sections of the Phoenix and gives very valuable information and criticisms on some of our modern novels.

The poetry is also good as a whole and particularly the rhythm of "Why," by Dick Chryst, and "Visions," by Alfred Rufty.

* * * * *

The Tatler, Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

The Tatler has certainly made a splendid start for the New Year with its January-February number. The poems, short stories and editorials do credit to the staff and contributors of the magazine.

"Corbett," by Hazel Cubberly, a story composed of character sketches, is different from the usual college story and shows quite a bit of originality on the part of the author. Miss Cubberly

(Continued on page 23)

Alumnae Links

Wesleyan Girls Who Have Become Famous:

MRS. HELEN C. PLANE.

By KATHERINE CATCHINGS.

THE name of Mrs. Helen C. Plane will go down in history as belonging to a woman who used her brain. In the dim and starry future when your granddaughter speaks of the Washington Monument and the Stone Mountain Memorial in one breath, you can say with pride, "Glorvianna, the idea of that Confederate monument was conceived in the brain of a woman, and that woman was a Wesleyan student. Stand up, Glorvianna, and salute womankind and thank your dear grandmamma for telling you about Wesleyan."

A wonderful, and a monstrous idea was that of Mrs. Plane when she decided that the greatest solid block of granite in the world could bear a nobler name, and support a higher purpose. The cynic who coined the phrase "don't have ideals, have ideas," was not capable of realizing that such an idea could establish the foundation of such a worthy ideal as the Stone Mountain Memorial to the Confederate dead.

The rough sketches of the bald, bare mountain, bearing on one side the procession of Confederate soldiers led by the gallant Lee, is familiar to everyone, and not a person does not long for the finished monument to the bravery of the South.



Mrs. Plane was a student at Wesleyan in the first years of its existence. As a child of nine years, she attended the opening exercises of the Georgia Female College for Women, and expressed an ardent desire to enroll as a student in the big red building sur-

rounded by trees. This longing was inspired by her mother who was intensely interested in higher education for the "female mind," and who instilled into her young daughter's brain all her advanced and progressive ideas. Is it a wonder that Helen herself had ideas? She inherited the gift. She started developing that gift in her ninth year, for it was then that she determined to be a missionary. Her mother would not consent to this idea, and young Helen sobbed herself to sleep many a night after that. One of her equally "idea-istic" family comforted her with the suggestion that she might wait until she was older. Helen smiled through her tears, as she said, "I guess God has something else for me to do."

Helen's mother died soon afterwards, and she went to Alabama to the plantation of her uncle, and guardian, until she was old enough to come to Wesleyan.

Mrs. Plane spoke reminiscently of Wesleyan. She remembered a Miss
(Continued on page 36)

Catch-All

By SARA JENKINS.

Some folks may be April fools
But this is what I've found
Fools like me are foolish
The whole fool year around.

—By One Who Knows.

* * * * *

AS IT HAPPENS IN CLASSES.

Miss Cutter (in Latin class): "Miss Lipham, can you tell us the difference between dice in Horace's time and now?"

E. L.: "Miss Cutter, I'm a preacher's daughter."

* * * * *

Dr. Green (in Shakespeare): "Miss Adair has the moon any influence?"

F. Adair (blushing): "Y-yes, sir."

* * * * *

Dr. Wilson (in Logic class): "Is she the light-headed Lucile Bryant?"

* * * * *

DRAT BALLADS.

II.

Last night at the West End Opry House down here, Anna High-Diver (Freshman, poet and Indian rubber cake-baker) sang with pathetic indulgence the Glee Club knockout, entitled:

She Used Listerine and Was Popular.

Oh great was the din in the great dining room

The Freshman sat silent and wan
The onions were passing, were nearing her way

The great tears to flow began.
"How can I let them pass me by"

She sobbed with an awful cry
"Oh how can I pass up the onions
I feel that I'm going to die."

Refrain.

"Oh, must I pass up the onions
My listerine's given out
Oh, how can I date with my Charlie
And this is my Sat'day night out."
She rose up in despair
And sadly left the table
She wept and wept and wept
And then when she was able
She cried right out the window

(Close Harmony)

OH, FIREMAN, PLEASE TURN
ON THE HOT WATER IN
ANNEX!

* * * * *

A song to make a wild world sigh
A song to rock the baby by:
Only a Poor College Girlie.

* * * * *

THE CATCH-ALL'S CHOICE IN LIMERICKS.

To the Judges.

I submit for your carelëss inspection
Lines writ in a state of dejection
These thirty-one howls
On the eldest of fowls
Can no worse do than meet with ejection

To the Dodo.

A nonchalant bird is the dodo
Who was feeling one day rather so-so
He fell in the Nile
There floated a while
Then flew up cooing cheerily "Oh-oh!"

* * * * *

WISE CRACKS.

If wishes were horses we would all
be trampled to death.

It's a funny thing that the week of spring holidays has only seven days in it and that the one after reminds us of "Yesterday's seven thousand years."

* * * * *

(Blame the Spring with the Following!)

COUNTING.

And so I count the days
 Until I see your face
 In many different ways
 The first, that I love you
 As each one passes by
 A little more, I know.
 I count by heart beats high
 With hope of seeing you
 Before much time has passed
 Or dreaming of the time
 When I beheld you last
 And lay within your arms
 Or thinking just of you
 And how you sweetly smile
 And of the things we'll do.
 Or by the loneliness
 That weighs upon my heart
 And makes the hours drag
 The time we are apart
 A million, million ways
 Of counting time, my dear,
 But oh, the ways to rush
 It by are none, I fear,
 Until you come again.

* * * * *

(And to Close With)

ODE TO A TEA-HOUND.

The steering-wheel he did neglect
 His mad career was quickly checked
 The flivver that he driv was wrecked
 But still he necked

and

necked

and

necked!

—M. K. R.



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ONCE IN APRIL.

(Continued from page 9)

In the misty sunshine that flooded the royal gardens, the Princessa walked with her maid-of-honor, followed by their ladies-in-waiting. It was a deliciously blue-and-golden morning, and on the grass beneath the lacy-leaved willows, the sunshine made delicate, wavering lights and shadows. And the Princessa never knew why Lady Guelda turned suddenly pale, and uttered a cry as she fell in a dead swoon just at the bend in the river path.

For the Princessa had not caught the gleam of the belled bauble, forlorn and bedraggled, that lay half-hidden in the lush damp grass,—and if she had, it would have meant to her only that Iaccimo had tossed it there in a fit of chagrin as he strode away from the court.

* * * * *

And at the gates of Don Leriglio, a lank, motleyed fellow capered merrily, shaking the sparkling drops from every tinkling bell of him. He mocked the porter, turned a hand-spring past the guard, and greeted the Don with the cheerful tidings that he was the new fool, and would have breakfast immediately.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from page 19)

seems to have caught the art of character portrayal and she is to be commended for her presentation of the typical characters who hang about the general merchandise community supply store whittling and forecasting political situations from "sun-up to sun-down."

"Toujours," by Elizabeth Jack, is based on the old theme of the young maiden who sentimentally imagines her-

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self in love with a man old enough to be her father and the heartbreaking scene which follows when the maiden discovers that her heart's choice has a daughter her age and has always looked on her consequently as a daughter. It is well written, however, and the transitions and diction are good.

* * * * *

THE WESLEYAN acknowledges the receipt of the following: *The Archive, Trinity College; The Emory Phoenix, Emory University; The Wofford College Journal, Wofford College; The Lander College Erothesian, Lander College; The Tatler, Randolph-Macon Woman's College; The Mount Holyoke Monthly, Mount Holyoke College.*

A WIREGRASS MOTHER.

(Continued from page 12)

its sour'n jest put a little water en it. I gis Lilly Bell kin take ker that baby 'bout good as you kin." And her husband said never a word.

As they bumped along behind the antiquated family horse, "Sary" happened to remember that her mother was "working out" the wool that had been misplaced while she was washing Mrs. Hardy's comfort.

"Raymond, ma didn't mean I was ter work fer nuthin' ter-day, did she?" she inquired.

"She said as how she tho't yer might, seein' as how——"

"Yer shet up, yer little brat! I ain't er takin' none er yer sass, yer hear me?" He dodged her slap and sat sulking through the rest of her tirade.

"I jes guess I ain't er gonna spend no whole day er workin' fer nothin'! Ma kin if she wants ter. Work her fingers off fer er woman what rows her 'bout every lit'le thing. Even if they

are er few spilt eggs in er dozen en the bottom blackberries er squshed, that ain't no cause ter row ma like she does. It ain't no Christian sp'rit, I don't ker if she do be one er them King's Daughters. No sir, boss! She's gonna gimme a dollar fer my work ter-day n' don't chu fergit it!"

That evening a tightly-rolled bill pressed in the twist of her stocking against her leg. She sang tunelessly as she shambled about frying eggs and fat meat for her supper. She stopped abruptly and frowned frequently, and then went on with her singing—as the attack of conscience wore off.

Mrs. Cobb, herself, was able to finish out the week and so "Sary" was not called on again. This work, at a dollar a day, and the eggs, chickens, and blackberries she was able to take to Mrs. Hardy ended her "workin' it out" for the loss of the wool. But she still said she could not tell where it went; tho' she slept warm and dreamless at night.

This one worthy member of a shiftless family returned home Saturday night with a bright outlook on life. She had begged a new dress for Minnie from Mrs. Mitchell, and had been allowed something on a grocery bill by the King's Daughters. Of course she had to tell them a pitiful story, highly colored, about the "craps failing" and her "ole man being porely." But she was jogging along home supremely content with the world in general and her own well-stocked wagon of provisions in particular.

As she came in sight of her house she saw a car in front of the gate, an unusual event for the Cobbs, she whipped the old mare up to a trot. She climbed down over the muddy wagon wheel with an effort and overheard the following

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conversation between "Sary" and Mrs. Hardy, whose car it was.

"Sara," Mrs. Hardy was saying, "have you ever seen this before?"

She saw "Sary" turn a bright red under her sallow skin and her faded eyes blazed but she stolidly answered "No'm."

"You didn't move this from my dressing table last Wednesday?"

"No'm, I didn't."

Mrs. Cobb stopped still in amazement, was she accusing her child of stealing?

"Didn't you take it to Mr. Zelwitz at the pawn shop and get five dollars for it?"

"No'm," she still answered.

"Well, who did then?"

"I did, Mis' Hardy," and Mrs. Cobb stepped between them, directly in front of her mystified daughter. "En I don't want yer a'cusin my daughter of it

neither. I tok it 'cause me ole man was porely and I knowed I could git some money fer it, Lawd knows we has lit'le enough of it, nohow. But Sary ain't took no bracelet, so thar!" And she threw back her head with the defiance of a mother lion at bay, protecting her young. This scrawny country woman was majestic in spite of her tightly drawn topknot of hair and four-gored skirt. Her eyes shot fire with a challenge to any who might doubt her noble lie.

"Well," said Mrs. Hardy, "I am sorry this has happened but I must send the police for you Mrs. Cobb. I can not let you off from this, it is too serious," and she returned to her car.

Mrs. Cobb's face did not change as she left her place in front of her daughter and turned to go into the house, without even a glance at the girl. "Sary" stood as if petrified, watching the big

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car slowly get under way. Suddenly she screamed and started running frantically after the moving car, blinded with tears and stumbling along first on the grass and then in the deep wagon ruts calling, "I done it, I done it! DON' SEND MA TO JAIL! SHE AIN'T DONE IT." Her voice rose to a wail and the car in the road ahead stopped. Mrs. Hardy got out of the car and gathered the penitent girl in her arms.

JOHNNIE CUPID.

(Continued from page 16)

"There is usually some beautifully easy way to sell them if you know it."

He removed the empty bottle from the baby's mouth. A cry set up and Rob promptly replaced it.

"Yes, I know," Jane told him. "I've failed to make one interview this year. The man was a coal magnate and was retiring. Just refused to see me in spite of all I could do."

She bent and picked up the bottle which the baby had thrown down during the speech and gave it to Rob, who was trying to disengage two small fists from his sandy hair.

It was mid-afternoon when they reached Tampa. Jane and Rob had taken turns with the baby, who had become irritable again because of the irregularities in its schedule. Jane took the baby and her brief case into which she had put the baby's things, and Rob her hat box, overnight bag and his own satchel. Jane turned to him as they entered the station when the usual holiday crowd was squirming in and out.

"If I remember Gasparilla, there won't be a taxi in miles. See if you can get us one. I'll stay with the bags and the baby."

"Not much like the announcement that the only trouble you ever had when checking baggage was when a man checked it for you," Rob laughed down at her.

"Not much. But then a man never failed when he started to get me a taxi."

Rob went out determined to get a taxi if it had to be manufactured.

It was only a few minutes before he returned.

"Had a better thought than to get a taxi," he grinned. "Phoned to my office boy to bring my own car. It ought to be here any minute now."

By the time everything had been gathered up and they had reached the door, the car was there, a red-headed office boy driving.

"Good evenin', boss," he greeted Rob. "Gone off and married a family?"

Rob wished fervently that he had not always joked with this impertinent piece of humanity.

"Miss Burke is an old friend of mine. You can drive us to St. Cloud's," Rob told him frigidly.

"Miss——" The office boy decided that the baby was her sister's child or something.

Jane, Rob, baby and bags descended at St. Cloud's. Rob directed the boy to wait and went inside. Ten minutes later they came out. Jane laughed in a vexed way.

"I picked the St. Cloud out because it only took adults and I thought that would be the very place to do my best work. Never did I dream that a thing which had appealed to me as a virtue should become such an evil."

Again they climbed back into the car. The most of the afternoon was spent in going from hotel to hotel. All

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of them were filled with tourists and the carnival crowd.

At last, worn out with the search, Jane turned to apartment dealers and found a small one in a suburb.

Rob took supper in Jane's new home with her. It was a simple meal prepared by Jane.

As they were finishing supper the calm was interrupted by a howl of anguish. Jane and Rob both ran to the bedroom. Howl on howl rang out. Jane took the baby in her arms and began to walk with it, back and forth across the floor, Rob at her heels every step.

"Jane, I believe he's sick."

"It's probably that milk you've been fixing him. I know you did your best, but you weren't used to it."

"I was trying to show off, Jane," Rob confessed, "the maid on the train fixed it. Probably didn't know anything about it, either. I'm going after a doctor."

Rob dashed out, leaving his hat.

Jane felt desolate when he had gone. The baby was undoubtedly sick. Suppose it should die. It would be because she was ignorant and careless. Tears came to her eyes. On and on she walked, the cries not even dying down the least bit.

There was a knock at the door. Jane went to open it. It would probably be some of the people from another apartment objecting to the crying. A little gray-haired woman in a gray wrapper stood outside.

"Sick, isn't he?" she asked Jane, looking at the baby.

Jane admitted that he was.

"I know a good deal about babies. I've had seven," she told Jane. "Would you mind?"

The tone was almost wistful.

"Indeed, I wouldn't. I'm very worried about him."

The gray lady did various things in the next ten minutes. She turned the baby on his stomach, and gave him paregoric which she got from her own apartment. As the staccato cries lessened, she turned to Jane.

"There, I think he'll be all right now. I saw your husband in the hall looking so worried and heard the baby crying."

In vain Jane tried to interrupt and explain.

"I haven't had my hands on a baby since we retired," her visitor said.

Rob and the doctor rushed in then. Jane let them into the room. The doctor smiled.

"It all seems to be over now. What are you feeding him?"

Rob got the package and gave it to the doctor. He glanced at it.

"Food's all right. You perhaps don't feed him quite regularly."

They went into the living-room.

"And just how often and how regularly ought he to be fed, doctor?" Jane asked him.

The doctor looked surprised.

Jane went on, "You see I just got him to-day," and told the gray lady and the doctor the whole story.

"You see," she ended, turning to the woman, "he isn't my husband, only an old friend."

The lady and the doctor looked skeptical.

"Now if you'll tell me all about it—no, you'd better write it down. And you'll be here to help me to learn about things, won't you, Mrs.—?"

The independent Jane had turned to a stranger, whose name she didn't know, for help.

"Cabot," the woman supplied. "In-

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deed, I will. Reminds me of my Betty's youngest. I must be going now."

Mrs. Cabot and the doctor departed. Jane and Rob tiptoed back to the bedroom.

The baby was asleep and breathing easily. They turned out the boudoir lamp and returned to the living room.

"Jane," Rob told her humorously. "That woman is the fifth person to-day who has taken us to be married. I had the hang of a time explaining to that maid on the train that the kid wasn't mine and I don't think she ever understood."

Jane laughed and rolled down the sleeves of her hopelessly wrinkled waist.

"Poor kid. I fear he doesn't know how he's compromised Mr. Robert Westover."

"Funny little beggar. Seemed to sort of take to me," Rob reminisced. "Hate to see him go into an orphanage."

"An orphanage!" Jane was dumbfounded.

"Didn't you mean to turn him over to the police when you went back through Jacksonville?"

"Give him up to the police! Rob, you are crazy. That baby is mine unless his mother wants him. I'm going to keep him."

Jane made her decision suddenly, remembering only the little fist about her thumb.

"But Jane, your work and——"

"Rob Westover, are you trying to argue me out of the baby?"

Jane's voice was hurt.

"No, but——"

Rob stopped short, then began again.

"I guess I'm jealous. I hate to see you take him way off where I'll not see him for years, perhaps."

There was a short silence.

"Jane," he began again. "He'll take a lot of your time."

"I guess he's worth it," Jane informed him.

"I was just thinking he was worth all of it. If he were to get sick when you were at work like he did to-night and with only a nurse——"

Jane looked up startled. Just what would happen?

"And Jane, his mother must have thought we were married. She meant him for both of us."

"Oh,—his mother——," was all that Jane said.

"And Jane, if you married me, we could both keep him and he could have all your time."

Jane looked at him startled.

"Why, Rob," she faltered.

"I've a bungalow in Suburb Beautiful.

I was thinking about it to-night when you were fixing supper."

Jane was silent. Rob looked at her, but could not see her eyes. Then she spoke briskly.

"Rob, it's getting late and I've got to work to-morrow. I think you had better go."

Then she added, a little breathlessly, "I'll think about it, Rob."

When Rob was out of the door, she called after him,

"And, Rob, see if you can find a colored woman to stay with the baby while I'm covering the carnival to-morrow."

Rob and the colored woman arrived the next morning as Jane was doing the dishes. Mrs. Cabot was helping her.

Rob smiled, "Here's the woman, Jane.

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I've got the car downstairs to take you up town in. Hurry."

Jane was in her hat and coat in no time. The woman seemed very capable, but Jane wondered what would happen if the baby got sick. Mrs. Cabot turned to leave.

"Don't you worry, dearie, I'll look in every now and then."

"Thank you so much," Jane called after her, powdering her nose in the living room mirror. "All right, Rob," she told him.

As she turned toward the door, there was a knock. Jane opened it. A nondescript couple, the man in black and white ducks and a derby, the woman in wilted finery, stood without with a policeman.

"Oh, please ma'am, have you got Johnnie?"

The woman burst into tears.

"J-Johnnie?" Jane asked.

"Yes'm, my baby," the woman sobbed. "I-I——," she broke down completely and wept convulsively on the checked shoulders.

The policeman came to the front at this point.

"Ain't you the lady what took the baby from the station in Jacksonville? Ain't you Miss Burke?"

Jane admitted that she was both.

"I-I want my baby," the woman sobbed.

"It's in here," Jane pointed to where through the open bath room door the colored woman was preparing to bathe him. The woman ran forward and snatched him to her.

"I'm her brother Ed," the man in checks volunteered, tapping himself on the chest.

The woman looked up from kissing the baby over his dimpled body.

"You see, after Charley died, and I couldn't locate Ed," she explained, wiping her eyes, "an' I couldn't get a job, I thought I'd have to give Johnnie up. I couldn't bear any orphanage idea. So I took him to the station and gave him to you because you and your man looked rich and could take care of him——," she began to cry again.

"Then I turned up," Brother Ed took up the tale. "I run a quick lunch in Chicago and needed Nellie to help me. Her letter'd been following me 'round. I keep movin' about," he explained proudly. "Course, soon as Nellie saw a way to keep him, she went back to look for 'im and you wuz gone."

There was a silence. Jane was thinking. This person, Nellie, was the baby's mother. She had a right to him, but she wasn't a fit person to raise him. Jane wondered if she were, then. She looked at Rob. He was studying the pattern in the rug, his jaws set. Jane looked away quickly.

"I think Johnnie had ought to be dressed," Nellie suggested.

Jane rose, glad of something to do. She picked up Johnnie's little things.

"Don't you think," she ventured, thinking to delay their departure, "that Johnnie ought to have his bath?"

"Don't know as it'd help any," Nellie commented. "He'd get awful dirty on the train."

Jane shuddered and stood handling the little soiled clothes. She gave them to Nellie and watched her enviously as she put them on. Rob went to the window and lighted a cigarette with a slightly shaking hand.

When the last button had been buttoned, Jane turned into the bed-room. She must get his blankets, the pink one with the white rabbits on it and the other

one with a white border. Johnnie mustn't take cold when he went out. She handed them one at the time to Nellie, who wrapped Johnnie in them. Again there was an awful pause.

"Well," Ed remarked to his sister, "I guess we might as well be a goin'. Got to get back to Jacksonville."

He cleared his throat, reset his derby, which he had not taken off, on his head and rose from the edge of the straight chair where he had been sitting. The policeman rose also.

"C'mon, Nellie."

Nellie, too, rose. Jane could not say a word. Johnnie caught the edge of her little felt hat and grasped her forefinger as she tried to remove his hand. Jane bit her lip. Rob still gazed fixedly out of the window.

"Leggo, Johnnie," Nellie commanded. Jane disengaged his hand, her eyes on Rob's back. Ed marshaled first the policeman, then Nellie and the baby out.

"If you and your old man ever come to Chicago, look us up," Ed invited grandly. "Jones' Quick Lunch and ask for Ed Jones. Me and Nellie would be mighty proud to have you."

"Thank you for being so kind to Johnnie. I——"

Nellie's thought had gone above her vocabulary. She swallowed and was silent. The policeman closed the door.

A sob escaped Jane at the sound.

"Rob, I'm—going to miss him."

"Poor little tike," Rob said gruffly and Jane was uncertain whether the sympathy was for her or the baby. There was still another silence.

"But, Jane," Rob added, "there's still the bungalow and me, if you want us."

He put his hand over Jane's.

Jane wiped her eyes with her free hand and, a teasing look in the depths under the tears, told him,

"You'd better get me to town. I have a job before me, and, Rob, if you're going to have a bungalow to keep up, perhaps you'd better see that millionaire

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you failed to sell to once more. Perhaps——”

Jane's prophecy was never finished.

GLIMPSES OF A SOUTHERN CITY.

(Continued from page 18)

life more convenient and pleasant is too restless to stop and enjoy the fruits of its arduous labor.

Towering above the city, linking the strenuous life of the present with the ideals and traditions of the past rises a great institution. Its ancient towers have for years looked down kindly on many young women in their search for knowledge. In the soft mysterious moonlight the trees whisper to each other stories of olden days. They have had much experience, those kind old trees whose boughs always nod such a hearty welcome to every girl. In the ancient halls of the college better and larger visions have risen in many a soul. Its towers point upward to the starry sky, its ideals point upward to a world of wide horizons.

Dawn! the sky blushes before the sunrise like an expectant bride. Piercing the mists the rays of the sun turn everything they touch into gold, like King Midas in days gone by. They kiss alike the rosy eyelids of the young and the worn cheeks of the old.

“Awake! grasp the fleeting minutes and accomplish thy work!” the sun-rays say. People seem to understand their mute language. They arise and begin their daily tasks with renewed vigour. For—

“Every day is a new beginning,

Every morn is the world made new,

Ye, who are tired of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you,

A hope for me, and a hope for you.”

ALUMNAE LINKS.

(Continued from page 20)

Massey who was a teacher, and the walks to and from Wesleyan, often done in the face of attacks by children of negro slaves. But she laughed, “I would have fought a wild Indian to get to Wesleyan, I valued it so—my mother had taught me to.”

Mrs. Plane was not graduated from Wesleyan—she left to be married, but she said with a twinkle in her clear blue eyes, “I’m still going to school, and my last session was here,” waving her hand around the attractive drawing room of her son’s home (Mr. William Y. Plane), “here—to-day.”

Mrs. Plane at ninety-four years of age is still fresh, alert, eager, and still has ideas. She has the gentle features of the old South—clear blue eyes, unblemished by glasses, and a determined mouth. Her face is sweet and unwrinkled. She spoke of her great age with a smile, saying, “I am ninety-four, but do not heed it. It is nothing to be ashamed of.”

Mrs. Plane inquired in detail about Wesleyan of to-day. “I am interested in Wesleyan,” she said, “and in the bulletins and literature they send me about the Greater Wesleyan. I am very much interested in all the plans.”

Mrs. Plane is known the world over as the originator of the Stone Mountain Memorial, and has become famous through the power of using her brain. In years to come when you are brushing Glorvianna’s curls around your finger, don’t fail to add, “Glorvianna, let this be a lesson to you—always use your brain.”

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AILEEN PRINGLE-ADOLPHE
MENJOU IN

"A Kiss in the Dark"

There was a young maid from Willatic,
Her ideas were very emphatic.

She thought an exam

Was just so much flam,

Her exclusion—was automatic.

—ELIZABETH WINN.

* * * * *

A Freshman she was without knowledge,
A green little thing come to college.

Now she struts, head held high.

So much learning, oh my!

Her seven and a half hours all acknowl-
edge.

—VIRGINIA CREEL.

* * * * *

There once was a dear Mercer lad
Who spent all the cash that he had

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